
Title: The Greedy Life & Undead Loathing

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What else might a
spirit do but haunt--
seeth over justice
unsatiated? Mine was
the situation, long ago.
Haunting I did, one by
the name of Ester,
swearing to taunt and
curse him 'til his
untimely death. I
witnessed this evil
man loot mine very
body, still warm, and
followed him to a
roadside keep,
wherein he stood in a
corner fondling mine
possessions like
some young squire
with a barwench.
Killed by a mad bull,
I pled Ester to leave
mine things be, yet he
had ignored mine
ghostly wails, only
once looking up with a
smile and asking
smuggly, "How'd ye
ever carry so much
stuff?"

At the entrance of
the lonely keep I did
encounter another
spirit, howling there
yet oddly invisible to
those of the flesh.
We spoke of our
loathing of the looters,
and to my chargin
learned, aye, this
Ester had spoiled the
other's corpse as well!
In those days, gold
was harder to come
by, and it had taken
me much time to
scrounge like a street
rat, selling

half-spent liquor
bottles warriors left
after defeating
enemies, or toiling in
the fields for cotton
and wool. Mine
leather armor, just
recently complete,
was now sucking that
fool's sweat! Having
selected Ester for
mine haunting, I
involuntarily floated
towards him as he
strode through the
keep, the studs of
mine armor clinking.
Agast, I watched as
he trained on a
dummy with mine
trusty broadsword!
"Fool!" I howled.
"Train with mine
practice sword
instead, ye shall wear
down the other
unnecessarily!"
Again, the evil man
acknowledged not mine
tormented wails, by
far not even bothering
to discern them.

Trembling with rage,
I sailed past the other
spirit. "I shall not
stay of this realm
any longer!" I swore.
Remembering a
travelling healer up
the road, I sped with
the force of a crazed
gargoyle, past trees
and shrubs, thru the
very bodies of weary
travellers resting
roadside. I found the
healer, aye, and
regained mine flesh
form still bearing the
wounds from the
bull's horns.

Upon my return to
the keep, I swaggered
with the confidence of
our liege British
himself, undeterred
by me padding bare
feet or the tattered

ghost robe hanging
over me bleeding
frame. I stood a
moment, watching
mine broadsword
catch the light in the
colors of life this
time. And this time I
felt mine heart pump
in firey anger.

"Ester!" I barked.
Now, alas, he did
acknowledge mine
presence, for his
training did stop.
"Return mine things!"
I held mine breath a
moment. "Please!"

"Who be you?" he
innocently asked.

"You know! Thou
hast told a traveller I
was slain by a cow,
but a bull i'twas!
Return mine leathers
and sword, friend,
thou may keepest the
plate helm."

Greedy Ester dug
thru his pack, slowly,
and finally offering
but a shirt, pants and
kindling, not even a
dagger, after much
prodding. "Swine!" I
hollared, tossing it
all aside, and at once,
though scoundrel or
murderer I be not,
fury clouding the
virtues, I attacked!

Mine old sword cut
me, over and over, yet
I only squinted, bared
me teeth and flailed
me fists. Death licked
mine neck, yet I shook
me head of it, only
screaming, "Die fool!"
and he did, falling at
me feet. The other
spirit, avenged,
returned to flesh, and
regained his things!